WILLIAM PATERSON, ADVENTURER, A MYSTERY OF NEW YORK

Could He Have Been the Great Financier and Promoter of the Colony of Darien?

At Any Rate He Is Not at All to Be Confused With the Mystery of Who Hit a Very Different Billy Paterson

NEW YORK of the seventeenth century, when it was still New Amsterdam and its present name was not even dreamed of, harbored many queer characters, and was more distinctly a seafaring city than it is to-day. Its connection with the West Indies was intimate and not always reputable; and among the strangers cast upon its crowded wharves by the incoming southern tides was one William Paterson, who appears in Pearl street about 1668.

To see Pearl street as Paterson saw it one must remember that piracy and the slave trade were both quasi-respectable ventures in the New World of the seventeenth century, and that pirates undoubtedly came and went and refitted their ships and disposed of their loot without any embarrassing questions being asked for at least fifty years of New York's early life. It was not until the end of the century that any real effort was made to put them down. Merchants armed their ships and simply took chances.

Rum was brought from the West Indies and sold at a good profit to the Indians by certain traders, more unscrupulous than public spirited—the illicit sale of liquor and firearms to the Indians was one main cause of the Indian troubles of the growing colony. This William Paterson, arriving from the West Indies with a cargo of rum, therefore incurred no particular reproach on that account, nor was he probably questioned very definitely about his former life.

The odd circumstance about his arrival, however, is this. Most other merchants or traders coming to this almost unknown, untried environment in those days either had the backing of some great company, like the Dutch West India Company, in the Old World, or were scions of some family of wealthy merchants, or were men of title seeking to establish themselves in manors on colonial ground, granted by their sovereigns. Lacking any of these advantages, newcomers, as a rule, began in a small way, cautiously, securing first a location or a rented house while they studied the market and learned the ways of doing business, and not building or purchasing any store or warehouse until some years of experience made it quite safe. Paterson bought, almost immediately, six parcels of ground, four of them with houses upon them, and began shortly to build a fifth. The six purchases were as follows:

1. A house and lot at the corner of Pearl street and Coenties alley, the residence of George Woolsey; the site is now 75 Pearl street.

2. A house and lot on the east side of what is now William street near Wall.

3. A house and half an acre of ground on a lane then called Smith's street, afterward closed, in the neighborhood of William street.

4. A house and lot on the south side of Pearl street between the fort and the river.

5. A part of the site of the Old Cotton Exchange fronting Hanover Square.

6. A vacant lot at the southeast corner of the present Wall and William streets.

The block between Stone and Pearl streets, Coenties alley and Hanover Square was at the time a sort of English quarter of the town.

Paterson was a Scotchman, and he appears to have had a hot temper, for in the spring of 1669, bringing suit against one John Garland, he was forestalled by Isaac Bedlo, then an Alderman and member of the Municipal Court, who brought suit against the same man and on March 16 got a judgment for 3,727 florins in wampum. Paterson charged the Dutch court with consenting to a deception in order to prevent him from collecting his debt, and called the city marshal a "Roag," as it is spelled in that worthy's subsequent action of "disfamation." The court, composed of Cornelius van Steenwyck, the Mayor, Francois Boon, and Christopher Hooghlandt, besides Bedlo, naturally waxed indignant at the insult to their officer and the imputation on their own honesty, and Paterson got himself fined 25 guilders and warned not to do so again.

Apparently disgusted at the state of justice in New York, the Scotch trader went to Albany and hired a small house near the north gate, of a baker and Indian trader, one Jochem Wessells, at whose home he took his meals. On the evening of July 31, 1669, he sat on the bench in front of the house smoking and talking with Gertruyd, the wife of Wessells, when up storms one Capt. John Baker, captain of the English garrison, fresh from a neighboring tavern, and begins to call names.

After threatening to cut off Paterson's ears the doughty captain slapped him in the face. Paterson stepped back into the doorway and warned him to quit. He did it again. Thereupon, concluding it was no time to be too proud to fight, Paterson pounced on the captain, bore him off his feet and proceeded to thrash him as he lay on the ground until the bystanders interfered.

Baker, wild with rage, went back to the fort and took a detachment of his men back to the scene of conflict, broke open the door of Wessels's house and then of Paterson's, and came at the Scotch trader with drawn sword, being hindered from killing him, as Paterson says in his complaint, "by the Providence of God." The earthly means of this providence appear to have been that Paterson got the captain around the body before he had time to use the sword. Baker finally marched the Scotchman off as a prisoner to the fort.

But the English captain found within twenty-four hours that he had brought a hornet's nest about his ears. The Albany Dutch had been secured in their rights of criminal and civil jurisdiction when they surrendered to the English, and late as it was on that Saturday night of July, the 31st, the Dutch magistrates appeared at the fort in a body demanding Paterson's release—and got it the next day. Within a month an order came suspending Capt. Baker from his command and allowing Paterson to prosecute him in the civil courts, and that officer discovered, to his intense chagrin no doubt, that the English Governor quite disapproved of any action likely to stir up the ill will of the people of the country.

On August 26 Paterson secured an attachment against Baker's house at Albany, and two days later a sixteen-year-old boy was found trying to set fire to Paterson's house in New York. On October 6, the captain having apologized, the Dutch court, headed by the Mayor of New York, reported that "Mr. Paterson flong up his papers and left the case to be decided by the committee." Baker was ordered to pay about $80 damages, and Paterson disappears from the scenes of New York life soon after.

We learn that five or six years later he wrote instructing a lawyer to try to recover his New York property, confiscated in 1673 by the Dutch Governor Colve. In 1684 a resident of Edinburgh, he gave a Scotch surgeon, George Lockhart, living in New York, power of attorney to recover and sell this same property, and that is the last of such attempts.

But did William Paterson ever revisit New York? In this dwells the mystery. In August, 1699, an order permitting William Paterson to bring his baggage ashore is on record. He was on his way to England from the West Indies, and so ill that his life was despaired of. Was he the same William Paterson as the hot tempered Scotch trader who had set the whole Dutch and English population of two cities talking, thirty years before? If the two were the same, then William Paterson, financier, promoter of the Darien Colony, and as some say the originator of the whole system of modern finance, got some of his early training on Pearl street in this town.

The thing is possible. The pieces of the life of William Paterson, trader in rum and real estate in New Amsterdam, fit curve for curve like a dissected map into the pieces of the life of William Paterson, financier and statesman, which are known to us. There is a great gap in the life of William Paterson, financier, covering the entire period of his early manhood and maturity. He was said to have left Scotland in youth because of the persecutions of the Scotch Presbyterians by the Government of England. His friends maintained that he went to the West Indies as a missionary; his enemies, that he was a buccaneer.

In all his voluminous writings there is absolutely nothing to show which he was, and although he had apparently a thorough knowledge of that region, such as in those days could hardly have been gained at second hand, the only reference he himself ever made to his life there was that he met in 1698, while engaged in the affairs of the Darien Colony, a Capt. Richard Moon, whom he had known in Jamaica many years before. Although he was one of the most prominent figures of the financial world of the later seventeenth century, not one scrap of information appears to have escaped his lips that throws light on this period.

An episode in the career of the pirate Henry Morgan about 1667 was the capture of the island of Santa Catalina, about 400 miles from Jamaica, with a mixed force of French and English, an adventure for which sanction was unsuccessfully sought from the English Governor of Jamaica. In 1668 a privateer—or pirate—ship, the Cedar, appeared here. She was a Spanish vessel captured in the West Indies with a cargo of Campeachy wood, by Capt. Thomas Salter of Port Royal, who put her in command of Capt. William Smith, with orders to sail for Jamaica.

Instead of that she came to New York, and soon after we find William Paterson here with a considerable amount of money, source unknown. In July, 1669, Lord Godolphin's "Treaty of Oblivion" with Spain, securing the title of any property that might have been purchased here with the spoils of a raid on Spanish colonies, was promulgated, and about the time it was formally ratified Paterson went back home.

The signatures of William Paterson, trader here in 1668, and of William Paterson, financier, as found in documents of 1699, are, allowing for the natural change in a man's signature during thirty years, almost exactly alike. The way of writing the capital letters in both is peculiar.

Paterson does not appear as an advocate of his various financial schemes in Bremen and other European cities until about 1685, at which time it was said of him, "He had picked up somehow in his wandering life a thorough knowledge of accounts." All through the unknown interval between his residence in the West Indies and the last decade of the seventeenth century, when he was, according to Macaulay, "the idol of the whole nation and seemed to feel that the world was upon his shoulders," he had at the back of his head plans for developing that semi-tropical region for the benefit of his own country.

He secured $4,500,000 in England, Scotland and Holland for the founding of a colony at Port Escoces in Panama, usually known as the Darien Colony. It received its charter from the Scottish Parliament in 1695. In 1698 1,200 men went out and almost all died within a year; 1,300 came later, but were forced to surrender to the Spanish, and only about thirty finally returned, Paterson among them. He was the first of the men of dreams and far foresight who have wrecked their reputations on the Isthmus; one of his pet projects was a Panama canal.

There is just one earmark of William Paterson, Scotch trader, in the writings of William Paterson, financier, aside from the resemblance in the signature, and that is a frequent reference to "the providence of God." As Paterson the trader counted as God's providence the fact that Capt. Baker did not run him through the body with his sword, so Paterson, the financier, constantly credits "the providence of God" with whatever success he achieved in his meteoric life.

It is said, but the statement is not verified, that in his will, made a few months before his death about 1718, William Paterson, then living in comparative poverty at the Ship Inn a few doors from Temple Bar in London, stated his own age definitely. But aside from the fact that the two references to this statement of his do not agree it would, if he was no older than 60 or 63 at the time of his death, make him only about 25 when he presented his fully worked out banking schemes to the Governments of Europe.

Moreover, there is some contemporary evidence to the effect that he was really ten or fifteen years older than that. If he was born about 1645 he would have been a youth of 18 or 19 when the Scotch Church suffered one of its severest persecutions and in the prime of life, that is, 35 or 40, when he was in a position to impress the financiers and statesmen of the time with his theories. He seems not to have been considered a youthful prodigy or a precocious genius, as he certainly would have been had he worked out these theories before he was 25. Putting this reputed statement made by himself of his own age with his impenetrable reticence about his early life, it looks very much as if he might deliberately have wished to represent himself as 60 years old when he was really at least 70.

Did he do this in order to lock up the more securely this adventurous past? Did he wish to break absolutely the chain of evidence linking the identity of the young Scotch trader who thrashed the captain of the Albany garrison in 1669—Baker may have been still living in 1680—with that of the advocate of free trade and the Panama Canal, the financier of Threadneedle street, the promoter who dealt in millions? Who knows?

William Paterson.

TWO YEARS OF WORLD WAR

Continued from Fifth Page.

plined for continuing firing upon the Ancona even after passengers were being placed in the lifeboats, without regard to the panic caused by such an act. The torpedoing of the P. & O. liner Persia in the Mediterranean, thus causing the death of Robert Ney McNeeley, United States Consul at Aden, was another instance of U boat usage which added to the protests against the acts of the Central Powers. The controversy rising from the torpedoing of the Lusitania by a German submarine was finally adjusted and the safety of American citizens travelling on the seas was assured. The year records, too, on March 17, the withdrawal from the German navy of Admiral von Tirpitz, who had done so much to make the submarine a weapon of frightfulness.

This war has shown the German sailor as resourceful on daring individually as is the Frenchman of the trenches. Among the noteworthy exploits of the year was the bringing into Hampton Roads of the British ship Appam in charge of a German prize crew. She had been captured off the coast of Africa by a mysterious German raider. The prisoner passengers were permitted to go and the vessel was duly recognized by the United States authorities as a lawful prize of war.

The annals of the war on the sea refer also to the battles between German and Russian vessels in the Gulf of Riga, and all over the world, in fact, there were minor engagements among the craft of the belligerents.

With the Airy Navies.

Fighting in the air became a more effective means of warfare in the second year of the world conflict. The aeroplanes demonstrated their value anew for scouting purposes, and flocks of them attending the armies were ready for aggressive action as well.

Allied air squadrons sank a Turkish transport in the Dardanelles; French aeroplanes assailed Freiberg; Riga was under bombardment from the Taubes of the German foe. The German Zeppelins spread terror at times through the English towns, killing scores of the inhabitants, and in January of this year aerial bombs from the Zeppelins caused the deaths of twenty-three civilians in Paris and injured twenty-nine others.

Losses Put at 13,033,000.

No definite figures can be given of the cost of the great war in blood and gold, but the most reliable estimates present figures so vast that they become practically meaningless. In March, 1916, the United States General Army Staff estimated that the total losses in men to all the belligerents since the war began were 13,033,000.

As to the money question, figures are more reliable but still vague. They present sums which are so far beyond anything previously known to international finance, so impossible of any human comparison, that they become little more than a jumble of figures. In March Dr. Karl Helfferich, Secretary of the Imperial Treasury of Germany, estimated that the war was costing all the combatants $375,000,000 a week, or $11,500,000,000 a year. William Michaelis, another German financial expert, put the yearly cost at the vaster sum of $15,000,000,000 and other financial authorities gave even higher figures.

On July 17 Reginald McKenna, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated in the House of Commons that the expenditures for Great Britain alone were $30,000,000 daily. He did not say, however, how much of this incredible sum represented war expense.

Within the last few months there has been some talk of peace in Germany and considerable peace activity by unofficial bodies in various countries, but there has been little indication that the chancelleries of Europe are at present seriously considering a close of hostilities.

The American Reflex.

Although the United States is far removed from the theatres of the European war, she has in the last year found it indeed a difficult task to protect her neutrality. The placing of so many orders in this country for munitions of war made the Central Powers determined, if possible, to stop the exportation of as much of such material as possible. Systems of espionage were organized for the purpose of keeping track of the activities of the numerous plants where war material was fabricated. Plots were formed to destroy or cripple the establishments with explosives. Spy conspiracies were unearthed all over the country by the Federal secret service and many offenders punished.

The Austrian Ambassador, Constantin Dumba, was recalled at the request of this Government because he was connected with a project to call out on strike the Austro-Hungarian subjects in American munition works. Capts. von Papen and Boy-ed, military and naval attaches of the German Embassy, received their passports because of similiar activities displeasing to the American authorities.

The President and the State Department held that the selling of arms and munitions to the allied belligerents was not in violation of any code of neutrality, and that the fact that the Central Powers were unable to get war supplies past the English blockade should not prevent the Americans selling such supplies. The needs of the allied armies for all kinds of supplies have created for many citizens of this country a thriving trade.

The wastage of war on the other side of the Atlantic has been vast, and yet in this country fortunes have been made in various industries more or less connected with the struggle in Europe. Enormous loans have been negotiated by all the warring Powers from financial institutions in New York and other cities. When the conflict is over it is expected that extensive commerce will come to this country, for there will in all probability be a general reconstruction of commercial relations. Should the Allies, as indicated in their recent trade council held in Paris, decide to carry out their plan of punishing Germany by assailing Germany's trade everywhere when peace does come the effect of such a policy will naturally be felt in this country.

The war has brought before the American people many hard problems, not the least difficult of which are those which come out of the present blockade, the insistence of the British on a mail censorship, and more recently the promulgation of a blacklist bearing the names of firms with offices or branches in this country and having German names or German antecedents. The United States has, even when the affairs of Europe are in such a chaotic state, been existing in peace and plenty, disturbed only by the troubles on the Mexican border. That after the Allies and the Central Powers have at last settled their scores this country will be a new factor in world politics is conceded by publicists. It now remains to be seen what place she will have in rehabilitating nations and individuals worn down by the deadly attrition of modern war.

A SCULPTOR-SOLDIER ON DUTY AT THE BORDER

Karl Illava, Who Has Given Up Smock and Studio for Uniform and the Camp, Sends a Page From His Sketch Book

IT may be a question whether an artist is worth as much to his country on the battlefield as he would be in the studio. But unless he feels the impulse to action common to the rest of us, he would fail to win us with his art. The translation of the sculptor into the soldier is a very easy one, for he is always fighting the stubborn material he moulds.

At least this is the case with Karl Illava, who is now at McAllen, Tex., as a member of Troop E, First New York Cavalry. Nobody that saw him wrestling with his lions a year ago would have any doubt of his militant quality. Stripped to the waist, he would climb up over the clay backs of the half modelled beasts and maul and punch them unmercifully. When the work was done the sculptor was a good many pounds lighter, trained down to fighting weight.

Illava is yet in his twenties. After a period of early class work, he entered Gutzon Borglum's studio and served a stiff apprenticeship. For one of Borglum's theories has to do with the reaction of the material itself upon the man who works in it. He believes in bulk and eschews the small model. He and his associates lift tons of clay into place, and work chiefly in the large.

The day came when Borglum said: "Get out and work for yourself." Illava's first studio was so small that he had to use a mirror to get a clear perspective on some details of his lions, close to the wall. And even in his present more generous quarters the big plaster group dominates the place.

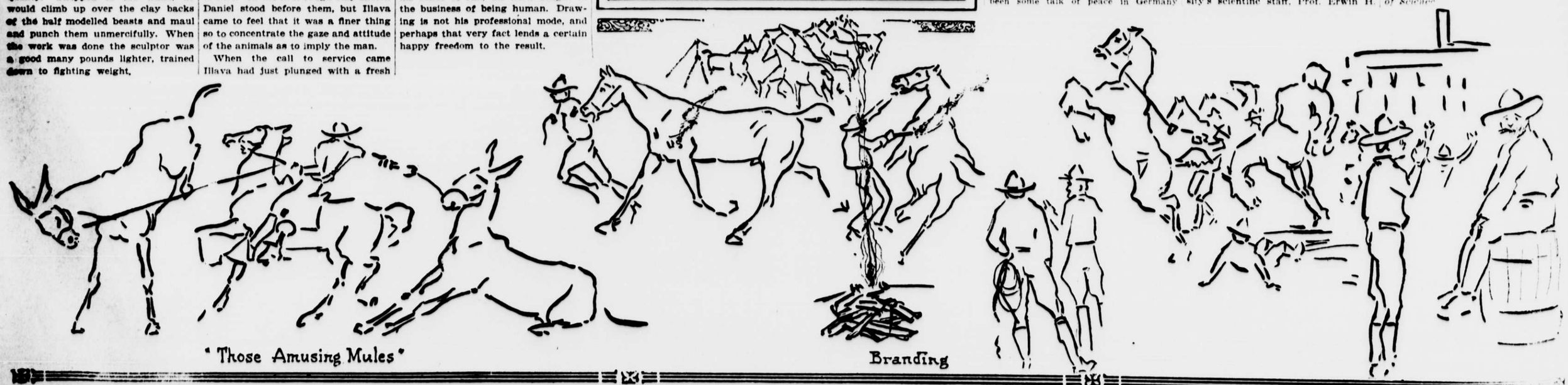
It was exhibited for a time last winter in Gorham's window on Fifth avenue, and hundreds, maybe thousands, stopped to look at the modern representation of the beasts old Daniel had to face. In the first rough clay sketch Daniel stood before them, but Illava came to feel that it was a finer thing so to concentrate the gaze and attitude of the animals as to imply the man.

When the call to service came Illava had just plunged with a fresh wave of enthusiasm into a varied task of half finished work. For he likes to keep half a dozen pieces going at once, working on each only so long as he feels in the mood.

There is contrast enough between the big group and the latest finished clay, a fountain piece of a Puck like wood sprite mounted upon a pelican. Near it stands a riderless horse, which will be furnished with a man when the young sculptor horseman himself comes back from his ride to Mexico.

Illava knows the horse, flesh and bone. He joined the Brooklyn cavalry troop, partly to get better acquainted with the animal in action. He has thought much on the whole history of the horse in relation to man, running away back to the day of the myth, as the centaur he has lately been working on testifies.

Enthusiast in the studio, Illava is a man first. In these little sketches we get the overflowings of his vitality, his sense of fun, his keen delight in the business of being human. Drawing is not his professional mode, and perhaps that very fact lends a certain happy freedom to the result.



A page from the notebook of the artist of E Troop of the "Flying First" on the border. Above—Karl Illava.

Another Nebraskan Oddity

GREAT as well as unique is the State of Nebraska in that galaxy which constitutes the Union. Baffling, mysterious, well nigh uncanny, is Nebraska, in addition to being great and unique.

Two decades ago she produced an entirely new genus homo, and to identify the species an entirely new scientific name was coined—Boyoratorofthe-platte. Never before had mortal man beheld and heard such a product of nature and said m. m., speaking generally, never expects to see or hear the like again.

Having accomplished the apparently impossible feat of producing a statesman who wasn't a statesman, did Nebraska get discouraged and quit? Not so you could notice it. Now it bursts upon the startled world with an elephant that wasn't an elephant, and scientific circles are all fussed up about it. This, too, in spite of the fact that the curious creature had lain dead and buried 'neath Nebraska's soulful soil for perhaps 2,000,000 years.

A few miles northeast of Bristow, Neb., lives Z. T. Long, who about a year ago went to inspect a pasture on his farm, where streams, swollen by heavy rains, had caused gullies. In one of these gullies he was surprised to see what appeared to be part of the skeleton of some enormous animal. He set about excavating it, but found the job so big as to require special apparatus and men specially trained in the work if the bones were to be taken out uninjured and properly kept in place. So to avoid having his discovery trampled upon by herds of cattle he enclosed it by a barricade and sent word to the University of Nebraska.

Without delay two of the university's scientific staff, Prof. Erwin H. Barbour and C. Harold Eaton, started for the Long farm. Work was commenced at once, and within two weeks the skeleton of a new tetrabelodon, practically complete, was discovered. In recognition of a distinguished resident of New York, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Prof. Barbour has named this new proboscidean Tetrabelodon osborni.

In brief, says Prof. Barbour, the skull is that of an "undelphantlike elephant." The dome is inexpressibly low; the occiput flat, though rounding above; the pit small. Cranial walls are strikingly thin, and the air cells generally reduced both in size and in number. These do not extend to all parts of the skull as they do in mammoths and modern elephants. Furthermore, they are wanting altogether in all portions of the zygomatic arch.

The articulated forelimb of this creature indicates an animal little more than seven feet in height, half that of a large mammoth. The vertebra seem large out of all proportion, being equal in size to those of the mammoth. The new species of tetrabelodon was short legged, broad hipped, heavily jowled and perhaps semi-aquatic in habit. Its body must have dragged close to the ground, adds Prof. Barbour, not unlike the short legged rhinoceros.

The jaw is that of an adult, but not an aged individual, as is indicated by the number and condition of the teeth, which slant backward and inward. The low stature of the creature, seven feet, and the long jaw, five feet, made it easy to reach the ground with the lower tusks. It was a grotesque head on a grotesque body. A conjectural restoration of the head drawn [illegible] line appears in the [illegible] of Science.